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FIELD FLOWERS



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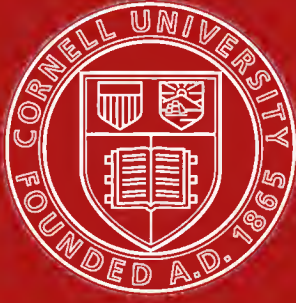
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For Bruno:

In loving regard

from

Edna

June 24/99



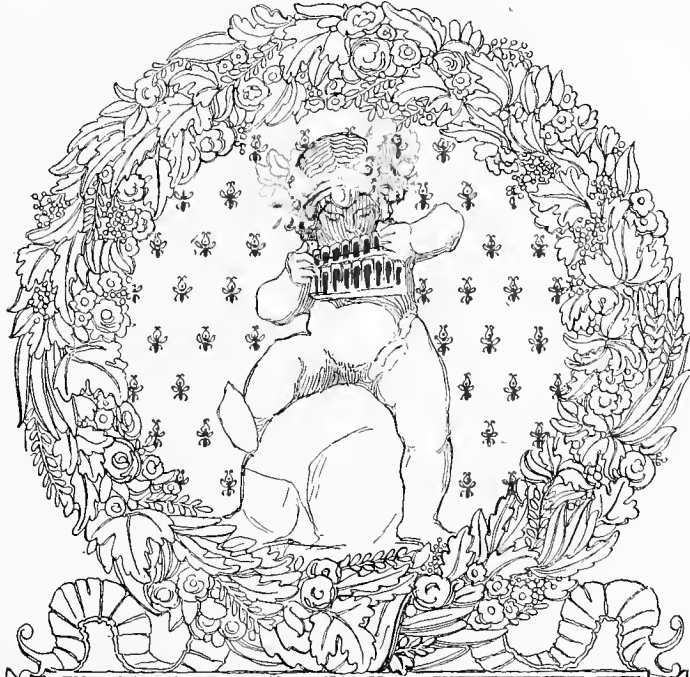
But if again that angel train
And golden-hued come back to me
To bear me to Eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

The first verse I ever wrote.
1878

Ernest Field

FIELD FLOWERS

A SMALL BUNCH OF THE MOST FRAGRANT OF
 BLOSSOMS GATHERED FROM THE BROAD ACRES OF
 EVGENE FIELD'S FARM OF LOVE



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF MRS EVGENE FIELD WITH
 THE APPROVAL OF THE
MONUMENT COMMITTEE
 FOR THE PURPOSE OF CREATING A FUND, THE PROCEEDS OF WHICH
 WILL BE EQUALLY DIVIDED BETWEEN THE FAMILY OF THE LATE
 EVGENE FIELD, AND THE FUND FOR THE BUILDING OF A
 MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE BELOVED POET OF CHILDHOOD

MONUMENT FUND COMMITTEE





DEDICATED
TO THE
LOVERS OF THE CHASTE AND BEAUTIFUL
THE WORLD OVER
ARE THESE INSPIRED THOUGHTS
OF A
GENTLE POET

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PUBLISHED WITH THE PERCENT OF
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OF LINCOLN FIELD.


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"Come, buy these flowers, of bloom perennial,
and let us build a monument to Eugene Field."

Drawing by
Reginald B. Birch

PRICE ONE DOLLAR
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EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR
FUND, 180 MONROE ST., CHICAGO



The Dream Ship.

When the world is fast asleep,
Along the midnight skies —
As though it were a wandering cloud —
The ghostly Dream Ship flies.

An angel stands at the Dream Ship's helm,
An angel stands at the prow,
And an angel stands at the Dream Ship's side
With a rue-wreath on her brow.

The other angels, silver-crowned,
Pilot and helmsman are,
And the angel with the wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.

The dreams they fall on rich and poor,
They fall on young and old;
And some are dreams of poverty,
And some are dreams of gold.

And some are dreams that thrill with joy,
And some that melt to tears,
Some are dreams of the dawn of love,
And some of the old dead years.

On rich and poor alike they fall,
Alike on young and old,
Bringing to slumbering earth their joys
And sorrows manifold.

The friendless youth in them shall do
The deeds of mighty men,
And drooping age shall feel the grace
Of buoyant youth again.

The king shall be a beggarman —
The pauper be a king —
In that revenge or recompense
The Dream Ship Dreams do bring.

So ever downward float the dreams
That are for all and me,
And there is never mortal man
Can solve that mystery.

But ever onward in its course
Along the haunted skies —
As though it were a cloud astray —
The ghostly dream-ship flies.

Two angels with their silver crowns
Pilot and helmsman are,
And an angel with a wreath of rue
Tosseth the dreams afar.





THE DREAM SHIP

by Eugene Field

'As though it were a wandering cloud
The ghostly Dream Ship flies.'



LITTLE · · MISTRESS · SANS-MERCI

Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Fareth world-wide, fancy free:
Trotteth cooing to and fro.
And her cooing is command—
Never ruled there yet, I trow
Mightier despot in the land,
And my heart it lieth where
Mistress Sans-Merci doth fare.

Little Mistress Sans-Merci—
She hath made a slave of me!
“Co.” she biddeth, and I go—
“Come,” and I am fain to come—
Never mercy doth she show,
Be she wroth or frolicsome,
Yet am I content to be
Slave to Mistress Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Hath become so dear to me
That I count as passing sweet
All the pain her moods impart.
And I bless the little feet
That go trampling on my heart:
Ah, how lonely life would be
But for little Sans-Merci!

Little Mistress Sans-Merci,
Cuddle close this night to me,
And the heart, which all day long
Ruthless thou hast trod upon,
Shall outpour a soothing song
For its best beloved one—
All its tenderness for thee,
Little Mistress Sans-Merci!



DRAWINGS BY

Samuel Johnson



"Little Mistress Sans-Merci
Fareth world-wide, fancy free."



Cornish Lullaby.

Out on the mountain over the town,
All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
Bearing their packs and crooning a song:
And this is the song the hill-folk croon,
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon,—
This is ever their dolorous tune:
“Gold, gold! ever more gold,—
Bright red gold for dearie!”

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves,
All night long, all night long:
None but the peering, furtive elves
See his toil and hear his song:
Merrily ever the cavern rings
As merrily ever his pick he swings,
And merrily ever this song he sings:
“Gold, gold! ever more gold,—
Bright red gold for dearie!”



Mother is rocking thy lowly bed,
All night long, all night long,
Happy to smooth thy curly head
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song:
'Tis not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,
Nor the song of the yeoman, staunch and bold,
And the burden it beareth is not of gold:
But it's “Love, love!—nothing but love,—
Mother's love for dearie!”



George Wharton Edwards.

“Mother is rocking thy lowly bed.”



Over the Hills and Far Away.

Over the hills and far away,
 A little boy steals from his morning play,
 And under the blossoming apple tree
 He lies and he dreams of the things to be:
 Of battles fought and of victories won,
 Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great things done—
 Of the valor that he shall prove some day,
 Over the hills and far away—
 Over the hills, and far away!

Over the hills and far away
 It's, oh, for the toil the livelong day!
 But it mattereth not to the soul aflame
 With a love for riches and power and fame!
 On, O man! while the sun is high—

On to the certain joys that lie
 Yonder where blazeth the noon of day,
 Over the hills and far away—
 Over the hills, and far away!

Over the hills and far away,
 An old man lingers at close of day:
 Now that his journey is almost done,
 His battles fought and his victories won—
 The oid-time honesty and truth,
 The trustfulness and the friends of youth,
 Home and mother—where are they?
 Over the hills and far away—
 Over the years, and far away!





"Over the hills and far away
An old man lingers at close of day."

Jes' 'Fore Christmas.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie — but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl — ruther be a boy
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake —
Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r belly-ache!
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no flies on me,
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yaller dog named Sport — sick 'im on the cat;
Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys go out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!
But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and cross,
He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his hoss;
An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never teched me!"
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes when I git to be a man
I'll be a missioner like her oldes' brother Dan,
As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospeck pleases an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show,
Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me —
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so solum like an' still —
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become
Uv them two enemies uv hern that used ter make things hum!
But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike to biz,
That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy
 hisself, suspicions me,
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm
 as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an'
 lots uv candies, cakes an' toys,
Wuz made, they say, f'r proper
 kids, and not f'r naughty boys!
So wash yer face, and bresh yer
 hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons,
 an' don't wear out yer shoes:
Say yessum to the ladies, an'
 yessir to the men,
An' when they's company don't
 pass yer plate f'r pie again;
But, thinkin' uv the things you'd
 like to see upon that tree,
Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good
 as you kin be!



"How improved our Willie is!"



... but the fellers call me Bill."

Drawing by
C. J. Taylor



Be My Sweetheart.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When birds are on the wing.
When bee and bud and babbling flood
Bespeak the birth of spring:
Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart
And wear this posy-ring.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
In the golden summer glow
Of the earth aflush with the gracious blush
Which the ripening fields foreshow:
Dear sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
As into the noon we go.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
When falls the bounteous year,
When the fruit and wine of tree and vine
Give us their harvest cheer:
O sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
For winter it draweth near.

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart
When the year is white and old,
When the fire of youth is spent, forsooth,
And the hand of age is cold:
Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart,
Till the year of our love be told.



"Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart."

A Little Bit of a Woman

A little bit of a woman came
Athwart my path one day:
So tiny was she that she seemed to be
A pixy strayed from the misty sea,
Or a wandering greenwood fay.

"Oho, you little elf!" I cried.
"And what are you doing here?
So tiny as you will never do
For the brutal rush and hullabaloo
Of this practical world, I fear."

"Voice have I, good sir," said she.
"Tis soft as an angel's sigh:
But to fancy a word of yours were heard
In all the din of this world's absurd!"
Smiling, I made reply.

"Hands have I, good sir," she quoth.
"Marry, and that have you!
But amid the strife and the tumult rife
In all the struggle and battle for life,
What can those wee hands do?"

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said.
"Sooth, you have," quoth I.
"And tears shall flow therefrom, I trow,
And they betimes shall dim with woe,
As the hard, hard years go by!"

That little bit of a woman cast
Her two eyes full on me,
And they smote me sore to my inmost core,
And they hold me slaved forevermore,—
Yet would I not be free.

That little bit of a woman's hands
Reached up into my breast
And rent apart my scoffing heart,—
And they buffet still with such sweet art
As cannot be expressed.

That little bit of a woman's voice
Hath grown most wondrous dear:
Above the blare of all elsewhere
(An inspiration that mocks at care)
It riseth full and clear.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power
That makes me wholly thine;
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day
When a little woman wrought her way
Into this life of mine.



“Eyes have I, good sir,” she said.”

Drawing by
A. B. Wenzell



Barbara.

Blithe was the youth that summer day.

As he smote at the ribs of earth,

And he plied his pick with a merry click,

And he whistled anon in mirth:

And the constant thought of his dear one's face
Seemed to illumine that ghostly place.

The gaunt earth envied the lover's joy.

And she moved, and closed on his head:

With no one sigh, and with never a cry.

The beautiful boy lay dead;

And the treasure he sought for his sweetheart fair
Crumbled, and clung to his glorious hair.

Fifty years is a mighty space

In the human toil for bread:

But to Love and to Death 'tis merely a breath.

A dream that is quickly sped.—

Fifty years, and the fair lad lay

Just as he fell that summer day.

At last came others in quest of gold,

And hewed in that mountain place:

And deep in the ground one time they found

The boy with the smiling face:

All uncorrupt by the pitiless air.

He lay, with his crown of golden hair.

They bore him up to the sun again.

And laid him beside the brook.

And the folk came down from the busy town

To wonder and prate and look:

And so, to a world that knew him not,

The boy came back to the old-time spot.

Old Barbara hobbled among the rest,—

Wrinkled and bowed was she,—

And she gave a cry, as she fared anigh.

“At last he is come to me!”

And she kneeled by the side of the dead boy there,

And she kissed his lips, and she stroked his hair.

“Thine eyes are sealed, O dearest one!

And better it is 'tis so.

Else thou mightst see how harsh with me

Dealt Life thou couldst not know:

Kindlier Death has kept thee fair:

The sorrow of Life hath been my share.”

Barbara bowed her aged face,

And fell on the breast of her dead:

And the golden hair of her dear one there

Caressed her snow-white head.

Oh, Life is sweet, with its touch of pain:

But sweeter the Death that joined those twain.



Some Time.

Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh.
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For oh! I love you so —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know!

Some time when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep,
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you may know!

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here to-night —
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.



Drawings by
Alice Barber Stephens
J. T. McCutcheon



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“And looked off at the distant hills and wondered of the world behind.”

—PAGE 164 “PROFITABLE TAILS”



"Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings."



Moon-beam comes - little gold moon-beam with misty wings; All
as best by creeping, it asks "do he sleeping - sleeping and dreaming what
worth or sings?" *And from the sea there floats the sob of the
waves that on hearing up - on the shore, do though they were groaning in
hush, and moaning - the moaning the ship that shall come no more. But*

And from the sea there floats the sob of the waves that on hearing up - on the shore, do though they were groaning in hush, and moaning - the moaning the ship that shall come no more. But

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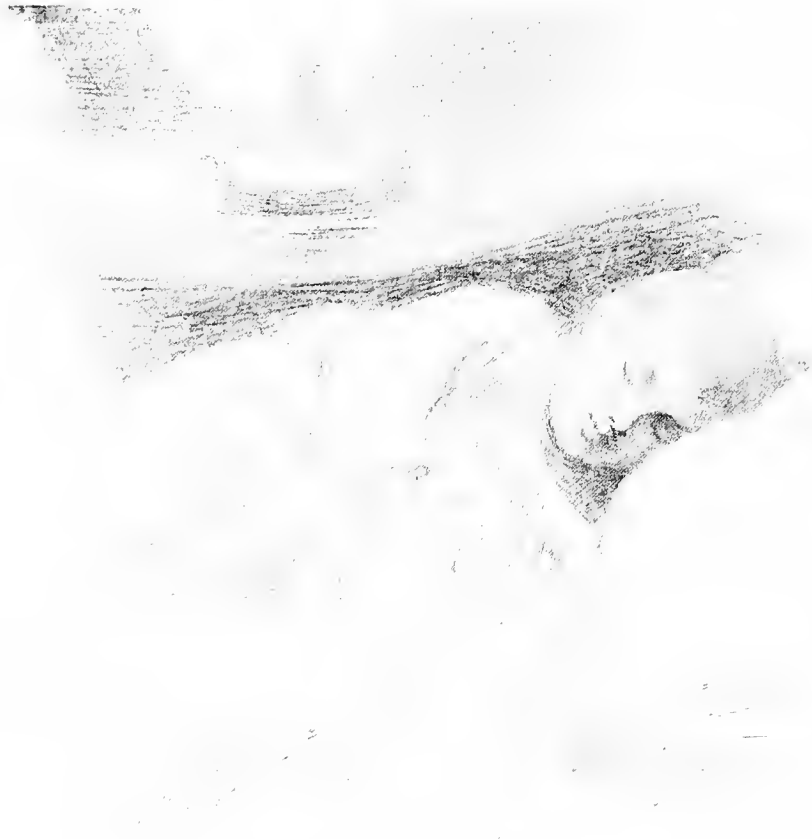
Musical notation for the first system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the third system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the fifth system, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment.



The Rock-a-by Lady.

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing: comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping.

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum
And a trumpet that bloweth.

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peck-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging.

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing: comes creeping.



"I ain't afeard uv snakes."

Seein' Things.



I aint afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeerd uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess, an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" an' takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound.
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're white—
But the color aint no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things at night!

Lucky thing I aint a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath:
An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a naughty boy, an' then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers again.
Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys
would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice
'at urges me within:
An' when they's pie for supper, or
cakes 'at's fat an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my
plate f'r them things twice:
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me
slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an'
seein' things at night!





"I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin' in a row."



The Tea-Gown.

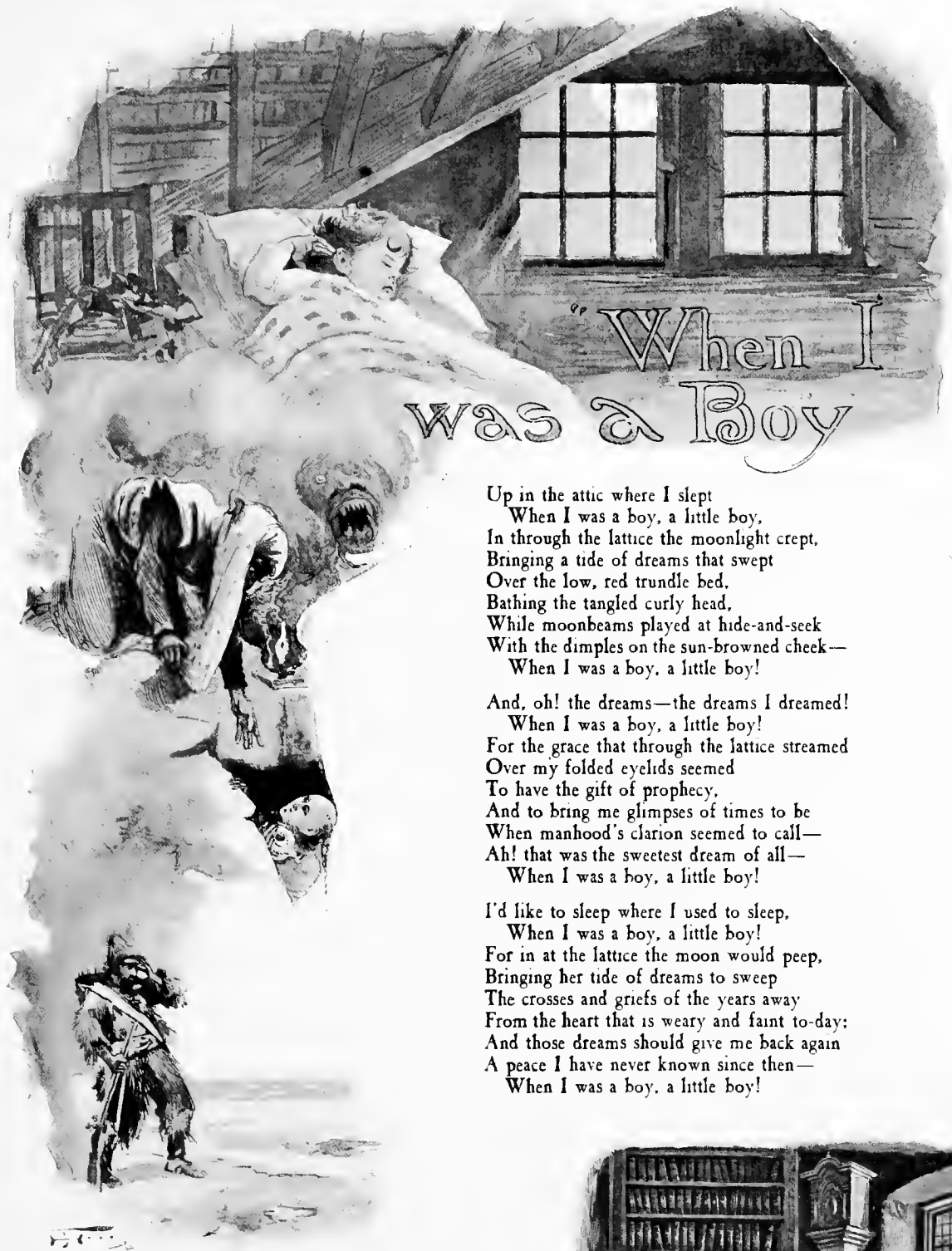
My lady has a tea-gown
That is wondrous fair to see.—
It is flounced and ruffed and plaited and puffed,
As a tea-gown ought to be;
And I thought she must be jesting
Last night at supper when
She remarked, by chance, that it came from France,
And had cost but two pounds ten.

Had she told me fifty shillings,
I might (and wouldn't you?)
Have referred to that dress in a way folks express
By an eloquent dash or two;
But the guileful little creature
Knew well her tactics when
She casually said that that dream in red
Had cost but two pounds ten.

Yet our home is all the brighter
For that dainty, sensient thing,
That floats away where it properly may,
And clings where it ought to cling;
And I count myself the luckiest
Of all us married men
That I have a wife whose joy in life
Is a gown at two pounds ten.

It isn't the gown compels me
Condone this venial sin;
It's the pretty face above the lace,
And the gentle heart within.
And with her arms about me
I say, and say again,
" 'Twas wondrous cheap,"—and I think a heap
Of that gown at two pounds ten!





When I was a Boy

Up in the attic where I slept
 When I was a boy, a little boy,
 In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
 Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
 Over the low, red trundle bed,
 Bathing the tangled curly head,
 While moonbeams played at hide-and-seek
 With the dimples on the sun-browned cheek—
 When I was a boy, a little boy!

And, oh! the dreams—the dreams I dreamed!
 When I was a boy, a little boy!
 For the grace that through the lattice streamed
 Over my folded eyelids seemed
 To have the gift of prophecy,
 And to bring me glimpses of times to be
 When manhood's clarion seemed to call—
 Ah! that was the sweetest dream of all—
 When I was a boy, a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep,
 When I was a boy, a little boy!
 For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
 Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
 The crosses and griefs of the years away
 From the heart that is weary and faint to-day:
 And those dreams should give me back again
 A peace I have never known since then—
 When I was a boy, a little boy!



Jewish Lullaby.

My harp is on the willow tree,
Else would I sing, O love, to thee
 A song of long ago,—
Perchance the song that Miriam sung
Ere yet Judæa's heart was wrung
 By centuries of woe.

The shadow of those centuries lies
Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes;
 But hush! and close them now,
And in the dreams that thou shalt dream
The light of other days shall seem
 To glorify thy brow.

I ate my crust in tears to-day,
As, scourged, I went upon my way,
 And yet my darling smiled,—
Ay, beating at my breast, he laughed;
My anguish curdled not the draught,
 'Twas sweet with love, my child.

Our harp is on the willow tree:
I have no song to sing to thee,
 As shadows round us roll;
But hush! and sleep, and thou shalt hear
Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer
 Judæa's fainting soul.



"And in the dreams that thou shalt dream."



The Brook.

I looked in the brook and saw a face—
 Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
 There were rushes and willows in that place,
 And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by;
 And the brook it ran its own sweet way,
 As a child doth run in heedless play,
 And as it ran I heard it say:
 "Hasten with me
 To the roistering sea
 That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face—
 Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
 The rushes are dead in the old-time place,
 And the willows I knew when a child was I.
 And the brook it seemeth to me to say,
 As ever it stealeth on its way—
 Solemnly now, and not in play:
 "Oh, come with me
 To the slumbrous sea
 That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"



Heigh-ho, but the years go by—
 I would to God that a child were I!



"I look in the brook and see a face."

Drawing by
Charles Mente



THE MANNIKIN BALD OF SQUADRON A.

PROFITABLE TIMES



"In the street without there was the noise of passing carts . . . and all the bustle of the great and busy city."

--PAGE 105 "PROFITABLE TALES"



The little toy dog is covered with dust
 But steady and staunch he stands,
 And the little toy soldier is red with rust
 And his musket molds in his hands
 Time was when the little toy dog was new,
 And the soldier was passing fair;
 That was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Roused them and put them there.

"Now don't you go 'til I come," he said
 "And don't you make any noise" —
 So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
 He dreamt of the pretty toys
 And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
 Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
 Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
 But the little toy friends are true!

They, faithful to Little Boy Blue, they stand,
 Each in the same old place —
 Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
 The smile of a little face.
 And they wonder — as waiting the long years thro'
 In the dust of that little chair —
 What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
 Since he roused them and put them there.

Eugene Field

2